

E 766
.W86
Copy 1

F

766

W/86





Class

Book

PRESENTED BY

THE NEW EARTH AND WHAT BEFELL ITS CREATOR

*With Light Upon the Miraculous
Levitation of*
WOODROWILSON, THE MASTER

A Drama

In which the BUBBLE,
SHAM, is tickled by the
FINGER of TRUTH

Done by that irreverent chronicler
HENRY A. WISE WOOD

*Who would recall his countrymen from
idolatry by knocking their heads
against the Tablets of
American Tradition*

(Second Edition)

1920

THE price of this book is 10 cents a copy, or \$9 a hundred, postage prepaid. If your dealer cannot supply it, it may be had of the Author, at 25 Madison Ave., New York City

GIFT
Author
June 10 1920

FOREWORD.

THERE are two issues before the American people that involve the abandonment of fundamental principles upon which our government rests. The first would destroy our independence of foreign control, to establish which the Revolutionary War was fought; the second would deny the legislative branch of our government its constitutional freedom from executive domination, and would substitute for the will of the people, as expressed by their representatives, the will of the President, made effective by official coercion exercised through the abuse of power.

This book is a protest against the apathy of the American People in the presence of these dangers to their governmental system. It is a protest, also, against the use by the President of the machinery of government to dragoon the public into accepting his will as the law. By the employment of mischievous propaganda conducted at the public expense, by official cajolery and intimidation, he has persistently sought to make his will prevail. No people can retain their liberties who invite these practices, or are supine in their presence.

The proceeds, if any, that result from the sale of this book will be used to combat the evils against which it is directed.

HENRY A. WISE WOOD.

*New York City,
September 15, 1919.*

THE NEW EARTH AND WHAT BEFELL ITS CREATOR

IN ONE ACT

SCENE

Sanctuary of the Temple of the Cowardly Peoples, Geneva. Altar, holding a bejewelled writing machine. Before the altar, a throne facing the auditorium. At the right of the throne, a reader's desk, holding an illuminated copy of the NEW FREEDOM. At the left, a cabinet, upon which is a well-scissored copy of the Scriptures, with blue pencil and shears. Beside the throne upon the floor is an ostentatiously decorated casket with the word PAX engraved upon each of its sides. Sumptuous furnishings throughout; lighting, dim; air, that of austere solemnity.

The Master, clad in white robe and black gloves, enters gravely and seats himself upon the throne. Two novices follow, and drop at his feet upon the throne steps.

THE MASTER [*contemplatively*]. The Earth: I remade it; I, Woodrowilson, wielder of celestial power in terrestrial affairs. I, Woodrowilson, willed that sounds should be things, and sounds are become things. I willed that wishes should be events, and wishes are become events. I willed that promises should be fulfillments, and promises are become fulfillments.

FIRST NOVICE. O, Great Master.

THE MASTER. I willed that history should no longer have been, and the past was not. I willed that the nature of man should be other than it is, and it is other than it is. I willed that man's disobedience should end, and he is become docile. I willed that he should cease to be selfish, and he is become unselfish; that he should cease to be quarrelsome, and he is become amiable; that he should cease to be ambitious, and he is become humble of heart.

FIRST NOVICE. O, Great Master.

THE MASTER. I willed that there should cease to be multifarious peoples, and there is become one people, my people; that there should cease to be divers tongues, and there is become one tongue, my tongue. I willed that there should cease to be free nations, and there is become one state, the sum of all states. I am its Master. Its people are my subjects, for I

brought them into bondage. Its law is my will. And its courts are my courts, for I set them up.

FIRST NOVICE. O, Great Master.

THE MASTER [*stretching forth his hands, his fingers crook'd*]. Its properties are my possessions, for I covered them into my hands. Its railways and ships and shops and banks, its telegraphs and cables and telephones and posts, its armies and navies and treasuries,—these all are of my power; they buttress my rule. Its public prints and sources of news, its schools and forums and churches,—these also are of my strength, for they disseminate my views and teach my doctrines, to the glorification of the Master and his elevation above the peoples of the earth.

FIRST NOVICE. O, Great, Great Master.

THE MASTER [*rising, menacingly*]. Who, therefore will assail the Master, there being left none not having his bread at the Master's hand? Who will oppose the Master's will, his irresistible word having left none insolently possessed of a high heart, or courage, or patriotism?

FIRST NOVICE. None, O, Master.

SECOND NOVICE [*whispers to First Novice*]. How about the T-Roos?

FIRST NOVICE. Hush; I am worshipping.

THE MASTER [*commandingly*]. Say you, therefore, to the world that I have given it my Covenant; that the Covenant is my law, and that my law is set up over men and the children of men forever. Say to the world that so long as my Covenant is obeyed there shall be peace. But woe is the world if it shall disobey my Covenant, for then will I smite it again with words and no man shall know whither to turn for guidance or certainty, for all shall be chaos.

FIRST NOVICE. O, terrible Master.

THE MASTER. Hand me now the Book of my prophet Moses, that I may delve in its mine of phrases for still more terrific words with which to move men, or to smite them. Was ever the flail of language so dreadful in any hands as in mine? With it have I not overthrown the reason and governments of men, by the mere movement of my lips?

FIRST NOVICE [*handing the Master the Scriptures*]. O, most horrendous Master.

THE MASTER [*rising to full height*]. God said, "Let there be light" and there was light. I, saying, "Let there be darkness" cancelled His command. It is not good for men to see: the eyes of the Master, only, should guide them. God smote the tower builders of Babel and scattered the peoples of the earth. I drew the peoples together again within the hollow of my hand, and

undid God's evil work. He made them to stand erect without fear in His sight; I made them to crouch and cower in my presence. He drove war into the world and since has permitted it to thrive; I have driven courage out of the heart of man and war out of the world, and all is pea—— *Who laughed?*

FIRST NOVICE [*to Second Novice, in consternation*]. *Who laughed?*

SECOND NOVICE [*whispers to First Novice*]. One of the T-Roos.

FIRST NOVICE. It was a shout of praise from without, O, Master.

THE MASTER. Reward it. Light the censer; worshippers may be coming. Set before me the Ark of the Covenant; they must be kept aware of the Law. My make up; *hurry!* The austere aspect of majestic mastery alone must confront them. *Good!* Now throw open the gates.

FIRST NOVICE [*whispers to Second Novice*]. Open the Gates.

SECOND NOVICE [*whispers to First Novice*]. Don't you do it. It's only the T-Roos, and they'll swat the old man. They're onto him.

FIRST NOVICE. The worshippers, O, Master, are not yet assembled.

THE MASTER. *Not assembled!* Well, as I was saying, all is peace. No longer do peoples strive for mastery, nor political parties for power, nor men for trade, nor women for social preferment, nor children for victory in their games.

SECOND NOVICE [*whispers to First Novice*]. Say, can't you get the old man to keep his foot off the Ark of the Covenant? It's an *awful* job to keep it polished.

FIRST NOVICE. Hush; I am worshipping.

THE MASTER [*continuing*]. *Victory!* *That* is the word that marked my zenith act. Ha! how swiftly I struck, and smote it into fragments, to make certain the peace that I had willed to be—the peace that leaves the vanquished victor. Vain men! they planned to thwart me, *me*, the confuser of their thoughts, the confounder of their councils, the sequestrator of their rights, the prophet of their own peoples and the harvester of all their glory; the—*who shrieked then?*

FIRST NOVICE [*whispers to Second Novice*]. *Who shrieked then?*

SECOND NOVICE [*whispers to First Novice*]. Them Needless-Ghosts-to-Be. They *always* butt in when he talks like that.

FIRST NOVICE. A chant of praise, O, Master.

THE MASTER [*reseating himself*]. Reward it. Oh, by the way, has my honorarium come?

FIRST NOVICE. The Bursar has said, yes, O, Master.

THE MASTER [*lifting the Scriptures from the floor where it had fallen*]. The Book; I forgot the Book. Let us turn to the Song of Solo—no, let it be another subject. Open the Phrase Chest and let us replenish it. Is the Weasel hungry?

FIRST NOVICE [*whispers to Second Novice*]. Is the Weasel hungry yet?

SECOND NOVICE [*whispers to First Novice*]. Nope; his belly's full of that last proclamation, and he's asleep.

FIRST NOVICE. The Weasel sleeps, O, Master.

THE MASTER. Wake him, and fetch my Underwood from the altar. Let the heralds announce that I contemplate the bestowal of aristocratic privileges upon the Hoboes. They, only, observe my edict forbidding private ownership and prosperity. Is it in Mark, or Luke, that there occurs the phrase, "Blessed are the poo——"

FIRST NOVICE [*interrupting*]. Shall the announcement be reversible, or deniable, O, Master?

THE MASTER. Make it reversible; I may have to switch to the Bolshiwoobs. "Blessed are the poor." In the Beatitudes, eh? Well, let's see how we'll dress it up to look new. What are synonyms for "blessed" and "po——"?

SECOND NOVICE [*bearing the machine, and whispering in a frightened voice to First Novice*]. Say! We're in for a hell of a time! Somebody's swiped the *Great I!*

FIRST NOVICE. *Great Woodrowilson!* [*shouting*] *Thieves in the Temple! Thieves in the Temple! It's gone, O, Master, It's gone! the Great I!*

THE MASTER. Gone? Gone? It *can't* be gone! *Sacrilege!* Who'd *dare!* Look, look *everywhere*; it may be about the place.

FIRST NOVICE [*wringing his hands*]. O, Master! O, Master!

SECOND NOVICE [*whispers to First Novice*]. *There it is,—* on the floor.

FIRST NOVICE [*shrilly*]. Smashed to bits! *Smashed to bits!*

SECOND NOVICE [*whispers to First Novice*]. Why shouldn't it be? He's pounded it to death.

FIRST NOVICE [*moaning*]. What shall we do? Oh, *what* shall we do?

SECOND NOVICE [*whispers to First Novice*]. Now *I's* gone, let him use *X*.

FIRST NOVICE [*sobbing*]. He'll *never* do that; he *hates X*.

THE MASTER [*on all fours*]. Where is it? *Where* is it? Smashed, did you say? My *I*, my *I*; what shall I do without

my—— *What* was that? Did you hear it? Rough voices,—go see.

FIRST NOVICE [*whispers to Second Novice*]. Go see; quick.

SECOND NOVICE [*goes out and returns. Whispers to First Novice*]. A delegation from the land of US, demanding to get in. They look mad clear through.

FIRST NOVICE. A delegation, O, Master, from your land of US.

THE MASTER [*scrambling to his feet*]. Come to worship, or complain? Go look; are they angry?

FIRST NOVICE [*whispering to Second Novice*]. Go see; are they *very* angry?

SECOND NOVICE [*whispering to First Novice*]. Mad as hops. Gee! *Now* we're in for it.

FIRST NOVICE. Infidels, O, Master; men without faith; men who would question. Drive them off, O, Master.

THE MASTER. Where's Colonelouse?

FIRST NOVICE. In the beloved land of Ger, O, Master.

THE MASTER. Then call Jotumul; *hurry*.

FIRST NOVICE. O, Master, we cannot. He's with your apostles in your Kingdom of the Bolshiwoobs.

THE MASTER. *Alone!* Oh My! Oh My! Is that man Brandeg in the party? Go look.

FIRST NOVICE [*whispers to Second Novice*]. Is Brandeg there?

SECOND NOVICE [*whispers to First Novice*]. No; they're roughnecks. Tell the old man to hand them a lot of tall talk; they may fall for it.

FIRST NOVICE. They but crave an oracular pronouncement, O, Master.

THE MASTER. Excellent! Hand me Cong. Mess. A 4,906,-113, then admit them.

[Delegation enters, and spokesman steps forward].

SPOKESMAN. We are come, Sir, from your old land of US; from its State of Tex, where living no longer is tolera——

THE MASTER [*interrupting, and fumbling the pages of a book*]. One moment, gentlemen. [*Finding his place.*] It affords me unusual pleasure to come before you today as I have to address you upon the following weighty matter. [*Loses his place, but continues reading from another page.*] When in the course of human events it becomes——

SECOND NOVICE [*whispering excitedly to First Novice*]. Stop him; stop him! He's reading the Declaration of Independence and thinks it's his. He'll throw a fit when he comes to the rights of free and independent states; he *loathes* them.

THE MASTER [*continuing*] necessary for one people to dissolve the political ban——

FIRST NOVICE [*clutches the Master's gown and whispers to him*]. O, Master, pray let these foolish people speak; they'll the sooner be gone.

THE MASTER [*closing the book*]. On second thought, gentlemen, you had best proceed. Illuminated volumes of *my* Scriptures, done by my faithful Wilbayhale, will be handed you as you depart.

SPOKESMAN. From the State of Tex, Sir, we come, where living no longer is tolerable, because of soldiers from Mex who shoot up our towns and despoil us of our possessions.

THE MASTER [*interrupting*]. Have you applied to my Council of Nine?

SPOKESMAN. Yes, Sir, we've complied with all of your requirements. Months have been absorbed in formalities, great shipments of documentary evidence have been sent to the Council, innumerable witnesses have been sent overseas, but one member of the Council having refused his consent to our raising the armies necessary to our safety, we had recourse to the League's Assembly. There, after additional evidence had been presented, and more months consumed in a rehearing of our grievances against Mex, we found that a political cabal had been formed against us and we are now left without either redress or security. Meanwhile my wife has been killed, my daughter has bee——

THE MASTER [*interrupting*]. Enough! Now I understand; you are *vengeful*. Step aside, sir.

SECOND SPOKESMAN [*coming forward*]. O, Sir, be merciful. It has been as related. While we have been obediently and in good faith observing the rules of procedure prescribed by you for use in such cases, the enemy across the border, in defiance of the laws of God and man, has been cruelly raiding us. While we have been pleading and testifying and writing and sending delegations to the League, the enemy has been burning and stealing and shooting and ravishing. Now we are left without remedy; our cattle is gone, our property is——

THE MASTER. Your cattle? Your property? You have property and dare come here! Financially interested, eh! Well, you, too, step aside. Is no honest man present?

THIRD SPOKESMAN [*having been pushed forward by the delegates, who are now desperate and confused*]. I, O, Sire, am an educationalist. Whilst I have come with these gentlemen for the pleasure of the trip I am wholly opposed to their philosophy of ownership. Now, if the *people* but owned the——

THE MASTER. Ha! *At last.* Pause a moment, my dear sir; have you ever been in Mex?

THIRD SPOKESMAN. I have not, O, Sire.

THE MASTER. Nor near it?

THIRD SPOKESMAN. Nor near it, Sire.

THE MASTER. Nor ever seen a Mex?

THIRD SPOKESMAN. No, Sire.

THE MASTER. Nor heard of conditions in Mex, or in Tex?

THIRD SPOKESMAN. Nor even that, O, Sire.

THE MASTER. Good! Answer now faithfully: Do you *know* anything? or *own* anything?

THIRD SPOKESMAN. I neither know nor own anything, O, Sire; I am a Socialist.

THE MASTER [*rubbing his hands*]. Your name; your name!

THIRD SPOKESMAN. Boob, O, Sire.

THE MASTER. Excellent! *Most excellent!* Come sit at my feet; we shall need you in our coun—— *Who said that?* [*turning angrily to the delegation*]. Who said, *Oh Hell?*

FIRST NOVICE [*whispers to Second Novice*]. Who said, *Oh Hell?*

SECOND NOVICE [*whispers to First Novice*]. That man with black on his arm. Tell the old man it was *O, Hail*; he'll fall for it.

FIRST NOVICE. It was, *O Hail*, O, Master; they but mutter their prayers in worship.

THE MASTER. *Good!* Reward them.

SECOND NOVICE [*whispers to First Novice*]. Say; what's that kid with the chalk writing on the wall?

FIRST NOVICE [*excitedly*]. A Sign! *A Sign!*

THE MASTER [*arising*]. *Where?*

FIRST NOVICE [*pointing to the writing on the wall*]. Surely a Sign, O, Master; but pray let these infidels be gone. All save the boy; we must reverence him.

THE MASTER [*turning solemnly to the delegation*]. Gentlemen, a most urgent message from On High has just been vouchsafed me, and I must enter into communion with myself—with, I mean, the August Powers whom I represent, and whom you obey. Therefore, I bid you be of good cheer, and depart confident in my assurance that you have been deceived, for your eyes are dim and your ears are in error. You may be sure that all is right with the world, for I am the Light.

[Delegation hesitates, then shuffles out with loud mutterings.]

SECOND NOVICE [*whispers to First Novice*]. *Gee!* but they're *mad!*

FIRST NOVICE. Hush; I am worshipping.

THE MASTER. Now, for the *Sign*; where is the seraph who inscribed it?

FIRST NOVICE [*whispers to Second Novice*]. Where is the seraph who inscribed it?

SECOND NOVICE [*whispers to First Novice*]. The kid's skipped. His old man lambasted him for marking things up.

FIRST NOVICE. The seraph has vanished, O, Master.

THE MASTER. *Vanished!* Wonder on wonder! "Out of the mouths of——" Let us descend and read.

[The Master descends and approaches the wall.]

THE MASTER [*musingly*]. G D L O N. G D L O N. What on earth shall I be able to make those letters to mean! I must instantly prepare this miraculous manifestation for the press. It'll astound the world. Let's see—G is for gracious, or great, or glorious,—*Glorious* will do. D; what can I make D stand for? D-D-D—Oh, Divinity, of course. Glorious Divinity, *of course*. Glorious Divinity—that's a *fine* start; but what can I make of L? L-L-L—I can't think. [*Turning to First Novice.*] Call Professor Boob.

FIRST NOVICE [*to Second Novice*]. Call Professor Boob.

SECOND NOVICE [*grasping the professor by the sleeve and dragging him along*]. Say, Boob, his nibs wants you.

THE MASTER. Professor, what have you taught?

BOOB. Internationalism,—history and economics, I mean, O, Sire; but now I am an Egyptologist.

THE MASTER. Excellent! Excellent! Pray interpret these hieratic symbols, so miraculously inscribed. A correct understanding of them will be helpful to plain men everywhere, to whom we must not deny some little share in our greatness. O, Boob, we must ever think of those whose hearts beat beneath the shabby coats of the world. For the trials of such men I weep constantly, constantly,—but begin.

BOOB [*slowly tracing the characters with his finger*]. G. G is the seventh letter of the English alphabet. It was constructed out of C by the Romans. While it has a Greek counterpart, its appearance here cannot be attributed to one of the Greek gods, for it may be assumed he would have used the Greek form. We must, therefore, conclude that the deity who employed it in this case was educated, perhaps, during the height of Roman power,—in Cæsar's time, I assume,—so it is clear to me that as you, O, Illustrious Sire, are to the modern world what that puny leader was to a punier day, Divinity is about to confer upon you—may I not genuflect, O, Sire?—a station exalted beyond the comprehension of man. I say, about to occur, advisedly.

Observe that the hierograph G *precedes* the remainder of the divine message.

THE MASTER. O, prescient man; O, reader of the Thought of God,—*how shall* I reward you?

BOOB. O, Sire, merely to kiss the hem of your robe is enough. May I not proceed?

THE MASTER. *Proceed!*

BOOB. Now, observe closely, O, Sire. D, being the fourth letter of the alphabet is but three removed from A, the character which in Greek is *alpha*, meaning the first, the beginning, with nothing before or above it. Alpha, of course, can signify only the ultimate Deity. Thus it is plain that the exalted station which G has prophesied for you and D fulfills is that of a deity of the fourth order—*um*—the fourth order; I don't much like *that*, O, Sire. But let us read further,—it may be that later on you are to be promoted.

THE MASTER. Hurry! Read on. [*With irritation*] Novice, shut off the dictaphone till we get this point straightened out.

FIRST NOVICE [*whispers to Second Novice*]. Hold your hand over the dictaphone till the Master smiles; then take it off.

SECOND NOVICE [*whispers to First Novice*]. It's busted; you know that. Yesterday's Adoration put it on the bum.

BOOB [*tracing the letter L*]. Approaching L, O, Sire, in the light of—*Help!* O, Sire, *Help!* Somebody's hit me in the mouth. It's a *book*: It came through *that window*. [*Pointing*]. Protect me, O, Sire. That *vile* book; they threw it at *me*! That *Munchausen book*! [*Kicks it, weeping*].

THE MASTER. The *Guard!* The *Guard!* Where's Newtybecker? O, *Newtybecker!*

FIRST NOVICE [*whispers to Second Novice*]. Where's Newtybecker?

SECOND NOVICE [*whispers to First Novice*]. In Messypotamy, with half the army of US; and they're having the devil of a time.

FIRST NOVICE. Newtybecker, O, Sire, makes pilgrimage to the Holy Land.

THE MASTER. Well, then shut that window.

FIRST NOVICE [*whispers to Second Novice*]. *Who* threw it?

SECOND NOVICE [*whispers to First Novice*]. One of them T-Roos; they hate a liar.

[Discordant cheers and the sound of a ram's horn are heard in the Temple yard.]

THE MASTER. Ho! I am acclaimed at last! Worshippers, indeed! Who comes?

FIRST NOVICE [*whispers to Second Novice*]. Who comes?

SECOND NOVICE [*Goes out, and comes running back; whispers excitedly to First Novice*]. Lord! It's the Bolshewobs! The whole dam family!

FIRST NOVICE [*jumping up and down*]. They've come! They've come! O, Master. They've come!

THE MASTER. Happy, happy day! [*Rushes to the throne*]. Roll hither before me the twin thrones; hurry down the carpet rug. Here, pull this confounded Covenant thing out of the way, and light the tapers. *There!* I am read—— *Wait* a minute; where is Boob? [*Boob approaches and genuflects*]. Boob, whenever there's a pause you shout: *O refulgent luminary of the world!*—— Now then, *the gates*.

[Enter dishevelled heralds, clad in rags and diamonds, blowing ram's horns; behind the heralds a youth, carrying in his hands a wooden box.]

YOUTH [*sets box on the floor before the Master's throne, and mounts it*]. O, most exalt——

BOOB [*bows toward the throne and interrupts, shouting*]. O, refulgent luminary of the world!

YOUTH [*begins again*]. O, most exalted and subli——

BOOB [*bows and shouts*]. O, refulgent luminary of the world!

YOUTH [*again*]. O, most exalted and sublime ruler of manki——

BOOB [*shouts*]. O, refulgent luminary of the world!

YOUTH [*again and louder*]. O, most exalted and sublime ruler of mankind, we of your Near Eastern——

BOOB [*huskily*]. O, refulgent luminary of the world!

YOUTH [*still louder*]. O, most exalted and sublime ruler of mankind, we of your near Eastern realm prostrate our——

BOOB [*more huskily*]. O, refulgent luminary of the world!

YOUTH [*shouts*]. O, most exalted and sublime ruler of mankind, we of your Near Eastern realm prostrate ourselves before you. We come upon pilgrimage to this sacred shrine to worship the Pro——

BOOB [*weakly*]. O, refulgent luminary of the world!

YOUTH [*shrilly*]. O, most exalted and sublime ruler of mankind, we of your Near Eastern realm prostrate ourselves before you. We come upon pilgrimage to this sacred shrine to worship the Proletariat's patron saint, the promised Messiah of his people, the ——

BOOB [*faltering*]. O, refulgent luminary of the world!

THE MASTER. Boob; *that* will do. Now let the gentleman proceed.

YOUTH. We come, O gracious Sire, your humble temporal rulers of revolutionized mankind, to kiss the feet of him who

led the way and taught the world the worthlessness of brains, the wickedness of wealth, to distrust all knowledge and to despise the story of the past poor fools call history. Behold, O, Sire, *They are here!*—the great Kings Trotz and Len, with the chief nobles of your Eastern realm, and the precious specimens who hither came aboard your sacred Ark, the unwashed from the *Washington*,—we greet you, all, O, Master of the World!

[Enter Kings Trotz and Len, unshaven, in tatters, and covered with jewels, followed by a nondescript retinue, including the inmates of the *Hotel Crillon, la Maison des Fous*.]

SECOND NOVICE [*in consternation*]. *Holy Madison Square!*

YOUTH [*trembling*]. Who said, *Madison Square!* [*Begins to weep*]. *The cops'll come!* Oh, let me out; please let me out!

SECOND NOVICE [*grasping the youth by the coat and pulling him down*]. Say, you, kid, you're all right. Come off your Babbitt throne and let the highbinder gents chirp up for themselves.

YOUTH [*wipes his eyes*]. How'd my spiel go?

SECOND NOVICE. Bully; but where'd you get that "exalted and sublime" stuff?

YOUTH. Rand School course, "*How to Get Next at Washington in Three Yelps*," fifteen dollars.

SECOND NOVICE. *S a y !* but they know him.

THE MASTER [*addressing Kings Trotz and Len, who have approached the twin thrones which are facing the Master*]. Pray, be seated, your Majesties. You do me great honor. Did you have a pleasant journey? While you are resting I must tell you a story, a *really excellent* story. It's about being familiar. When you get into a new place and want to make believe people are applauding you, you tell this story,—*very* loudly, of course, and laugh *heartily*. The press gets it, and it's wired everywhere that the place has slapped you on the back, as it were. I pulled it off, let me see, was it first at the Guildhall? or was it in Scotland, or maybe Manchester? However, when I hit Boston on the rebound and lit in the midst of its dead fish cold storage plant, that story,—well, it saved my life. I just told it, and laughed, and laughed, and *laugh*—— Why, *what's* the matter?

YOUTH [*bows*]. Their majesties are *very* hungry, O, Sire.

THE MASTER [*springs up in anger*]. What! Who'r didn't feed them! Did not feed my children! Why, I ordered for the Bolshewobs the very food out of the mouths of the stupid poor of US,—Steward! O, *Steward!*

FIRST NOVICE [*calls*]. Steward, O, *Steward!*

STEWARD [*appears*]. Yes, O, Master.

THE MASTER. Lead these gentlemen to the—the—the *salle à manger*, I believe it's pronounced, and serve them royally.

STEWARD. Yes, O, Master. Shall I set the knives and forks, O, Master?

THE MASTER. Why, certainly; the *very* best.

STEWARD. But, O, Master, they are *silver*!

THE MASTER. Well, perhaps our guests will prefer the royal pewter set, the *very* royal pewter set.

STEWARD. And napkins, O, Master, or towels?

THE MASTER. Towels; the old bath tow——, the ancient royal linen from Princeton, O, Steward. Our beloved and royal guests must have the best, the *very* best. [*Turns to Kings Trotz and Len, who, having climbed out of their thrones, are violently scratching themselves and edging toward the steward*]. Gentlemen, a repast awaits you; a very sumptuous repast; pray follow the steward into the *salle à-à-a*;—well, just follow the steward, gentlemen; he knows.

[The Steward hurriedly disappears, followed in furious haste by Kings Trotz and Len, their ragged followers, and the inmates of *la Maison des Fous*.]

THE MASTER. Now for a moment's repose! Come, Boob, tell me what they think of me in US. I dream of US fondly at times.

BOOB. O, Most High, there the people worship you. Your exalted name is writ in gold above every altar. Each day at noon the bells are rung in a new chime, which spells out in silvery cadence the title that men call you by. Then, for five minutes, all labor stops, the populace drop upon their knees and with hands uplifted and downstreaming eyes they proclaim you the Deity.

THE MASTER. 'Tis hard, dear Boob, to wear such cares. The crown of Deity is but a tawdry bauble, so weighty the thought that it bears down upon. I sometimes wish that I were naught but man, and that another shaped the Universe. Omniscience has its pains and omnipotence its—are you getting all this?—and omnipotence its labors. Still, even a god's work must be done, so why should I compla—— do I go too fast?—so why should I complain? Now, Boob, when you give that to the A.P. say in the summary that it was overheard in the sanctuary, where I was discovered in an agony of remonstrance because of the sins of the world. By the way, what's Doug Fairbanks doing in his latest reel? I'm *hungry* for the show, but since I've been Go——, been here, I mean, I haven't kept up with the movies.

FIRST NOVICE. O, Master, the hour of daily audience approaches.

THE MASTER. Dear! Dear! The people are *so* distressing. Why cannot they stay in their place! *I* don't want to see them. Complaints, complaints, nothing but *complaints*! And so stupid; they don't know that things are right even when *I* say they are right. But seeing them is part of my duty; I must pretend to listen.

FIRST NOVICE. The pilgrims, O, Master, await without.

THE MASTER. Well; open the gates.

[Enter pilgrims.]

FIRST NOVICE. O, Master, I present Signor O, from the land of It.

THE MASTER [*mumbling*]. Yes, we've met; I don't like him. [*Aloud*] Approach, subject from the land of It.

SIGNOR O. O, Sire, hoping you will let bygones be bygones, I come to offer the homage of the ancient and noble city of Ro, the which you did honor with your august presence upon a memorable occasion. The poor of that city, who then honored themselves by saluting you, have charged me, indeed, with a delicate mission. The customary benefice, O, Sire, which royal visitors bestow upon the poor of Ro has from time immemorial been a sum well set in custom, and equal to ten thousand dols of the money of US. This, O, Sire, of course, you did not know; but, may it please your Excellency, the poor of Ro did not know that you did not know. So they have charged themselves with the two hundred and fifty dols which in your generosity you so impulsively gave them, and have bid me to hand you this memorandum covering the balance due, which, O, Sire, they trust you will graciously send back by me——

THE MASTER [*angrily*]. *Bursar?*

BURSAR [*appears*]. Yes, O, Master.

THE MASTER. Go; get ten thousand dols from Kings Trotz and Len, and pay this man. Put the change in the cash drawer; we must be thrifty. *Next!*

FIRST NOVICE. I present, O, Master, Chief of the Workless Day Association, and his delegation. He says he represents twenty million persons who are being compelled to work for their living against their will.

THE MASTER [*arises and bows*]. Mr. Chief and gentlemen, I esteem it a very great pleasure to find myself in this distinguished company, and in the companionship of the oppressed. When so exalted a body of the people is present one can assume a pose. May I say, therefore, that one of the things that has supported me in recent months is the unqualified hope that men

have entertained everywhere of immediate emancipation from labor and the necessity of having to pay their bills. Still, you cannot in human experience rush into the light—it is often not wise—because of the moral rectitude of mankind. But we must nevertheless venture upon the unmapped seas with audacity, because we are without charts and without seamen. My navy having removed the mines and my imagination the rocks we may safely proceed, I know not whither, with that steadiness of purpose which is necessary in such novel circumstances. So, my friends, my *very* dear friends, while we are weaving out of the old garments of experience and knowledge and caution the new garments of ignorance and recklessness which it is now necessary that men should wear, I like to believe it to have been my privilege to be the first to introduce this kind of thinking for mankind, human thinking, if you will; thinking that is made up of comprehension of the needs of mankind, not of well washed persons, for most persons are not well washed, but of the Bolshiwobs, they that think without knowledge the very common thoughts of mankind. God grant that there may be many of them.

[Wild applause.]

CHIEF. Now see here; that bull's *great*, but what we want to know is, Do we knock off work with full pay, or don't we?

THE MASTER [*bows*]. Most certainly, gentlemen, most certainly,—if you have the votes.

CHIEF [*indignantly*]. The votes! What th' hell! Ask the I Woody Willies; *they* know.

THE MASTER [*benignly*]. I get you. *Bursar!*

BURSAR [*appears*]. Yes, O, Master.

THE MASTER. Give these gentlemen what they want.

BURSAR. Who shall I take it from, O, Master?

THE MASTER. From the farmers. *Next!*

FIRST NOVICE. I present, O, Master, the Master Granger of US, and his associates. They wish more profit and complain of grievous carrying charges and delays.

THE MASTER [*flushing*]. Gentlemen, I assume that you have heard and comprehended my address just delivered, and therefore are content with my plans for your welfare. Unless you have some pressing thing to say, which I assume you have not, I shall have you shown over the temple and given souvenirs as you depart. The charges will be reason——

MASTER GRANGER [*firmly; interrupting*]. But, Mr. President, we are here on business. We can't stand the racket any longer. No cars, no routing, no service, enormous charges, and huge losses from spoilage and deaths on the road. When we

kick, the R.A. laughs, and tells us to charge our losses to the people. Now the Throttlemen's Union wants to grab the roads, and it tells us all to go to hell.

THE MASTER [*soothingly*]. Tut! Tut! Be calm. Do the people complain?

MASTER GRANGER. No-o-o.

THE MASTER [*sharply*]. Well, what are you kicking about? *Next!*

FIRST NOVICE. O, Master, here is a stranger who insists upon speaking. He seems aroused and I fear for his tongue. But he *will* be heard. He calls himself a plain man, and says he comes from Everywhere, wherever that may be. May he speak?

THE MASTER [*turning abruptly upon the stranger*]. Well, what do you want?

PLAIN MAN. Mr. President—I refuse to address you as Sire, as others do,—I am merely a plain man, who usually is patient and seldom complains. My daily work I do cheerfully, I support my family decently, and perform my citizen's duties as faithfully as I can. Once I was your admirer, and I have long been your unquestioning follower. When you led me away from the War, I turned my back on it and was happy; when you told me it did not concern me, and that there was no need to fear it or to make plans or weapons for my defense, I was guided by you and was contentedly idle. Yours was my conscience, and yours, my judgment. When you were assailed because of our unavenged dead in Mexico, and the sea, I turned to God for comfort, and to you for guidance. When men called you a craven leader, a renegade American executive, I smote them and drove them from the speaking places, and returned you to office.

THE MASTER [*starting to rise, with hand uplifted*]. I——

PLAIN MAN [*continuing*]. Please, sir, bear with me patiently; I have the right to be heard, because it is in my name that you have claimed to act. When at last the war overtook you and found us both unprepared, it found me nevertheless still your loyal follower, uncomplainingly doing your will, whether it seemed to me wise or unwise. To your taxgatherers I opened my purse unresistingly, and to your agents gave all else that I owned, believing you to be a wise, an efficient, a frugal administrator, too honorable to be wasteful, and too just to be partial in the distribution of burdens and benefits.

THE MASTER [*rising, angrily*]. Stop! Not for a moment will I sub——

PLAIN MAN [*quietly stepping forward*]. You *shall* submit, Mr. President. Long have I listened to you with respect; now

you shall listen to me with patience. [*Earnestly.*] Uncomplainingly I put into your hands my sons. Blood of my blood I poured into the forces of which it was your *first* duty under the Constitution to be Commander-in-Chief. I believed you to be a compassionate man, a father, loving only his country more than its youth. Bone of my bone I thus gave to you gladly, joyously, even though with tears, believing you would guard it as the apple of your eye, nurturing its strength, shielding its inexperience, and spending it—yes, spending in the crucial hour—but oh, so judiciously, with the miserly wisdom of a great and humane leader of men. I believed you to be foreseeing and precautionous; I assumed you had wisely provided in advance every instrumentality that would make for the protection and success of those who should come into your hands. The knowledge of a long war was at your command, and the means of the world's wealthiest nation. You should not have been misinformed, nor were you restricted by the poverty of your people, nor restrained by their unwillingness to follow you. My sons, I devotedly thought, would therefore be sent forth at the historic moment, lacking nothing, well drilled in the consummate art of war, to be spent without waste by your wisest soldier. Thus, I trusted you, Mr. President.

[Plain Man pauses, approaches the Master, raises his hand and continues.]

Now I have come for an accounting. Why were my sons so illy cared for, and those dependent upon them whom they left? Why were my sons so tardily trained? Why, so wretchedly equipped? Why, with all your knowledge of events and your profligate expenditure must they have fought with borrowed arms, or with none,—sometimes with none? Why are so many missing? Why, so many maimed?

THE MASTER [*excitedly*]. Victory; all were given for *Victory!*

PLAIN MAN [*coldly*]. For victory; yes, *some* of them. As for the rest, I point you to yonder harvest of folly, white tablets bearing indelibly the inscription, "Died, not for country, but to teach a fatuous government the needs of war." Grim consequences, these, of your having kept your people unprepared. Woe to you, sir, who led your countrymen into the valley of death, their hands empty of weapons. At last are they justified whom you reviled for the truth they spake.

THE MASTER [*enraged*]. You shall *not* go on! You shall *not* go——

PLAIN MAN [*firmlly*]. I may *not* be stopped, for I represent the People; they to whom you have ever appealed. I am Public

Opinion, and express the awakened consciousness—and conscience—of the nation. All power has been yours; I am come now to render judgment upon your stewardship,—and you shall hear me. I have given you more than my sons; my liberties. Confidingly I have put these also into your hands, and have made of you the trustee of freeman's rights, blood earned, that had come to me out of centuries of struggle for personal liberty, and out of our war for national independence. These rights I put into your hands for my country's sake, to be returned to me at peace, neither violated nor diminished. What power over me you sought, that I gave to you gladly. You conscripted my flesh, I did not resist; you drew a veil over my eyes, I was content to be blind in your keeping; you stopped my ears, I was content to be deaf; you bridled my tongue, and I was content to be silent. You framed my thoughts and ruled my consciousness, and my feet were guided in the darkness with which you had surrounded me, not by my will but by your will. Not only did my physical being go unresistingly into your hands, but my spiritual being as well. And there also went into your keeping the national patrimony of my children, born and unborn. Whilst I lay thus unresisting what was not done to debauch my spirit and to drug my mind, so that I could be the more easily stripped of my liberties, and my country shorn of the sovereign rights and defensive strength upon which my safety and its independence depend! With cunning and subterfuge I have been systematically deprived of my powers of judgment; by the deceptions that have been practiced upon me my moral sensibilities have been almost destroyed. The lie has been pronounced the truth, and the truth the lie. Beneath the hands of your invisible agents the day's news has grown so untrustworthy that men no longer know truth from falsehood, nor fact from fiction. In the realm of public thought you have had your will of the people until men have nearly ceased to distinguish right from wrong. So debased has become the public spirit that it no longer knows loyalty from disloyalty, or patriotism from national apostasy. The seditious are exalted, while the steadfast lover of his country is cast down. The patriot is contemptuously thrust aside, and his liberties are delivered into the keeping of those who despise his traditions; while his national beliefs are laughed to scorn by enemies of his institutions who, in specious Christian phraseology, preach with impunity the insidious doctrines of national ruin. Even the integrity of our tongue has been corrupted, for our speech ceased to carry its accustomed conviction when with dextrous cunning there began to be woven into its rugged substance your fair-seeming flowers of promise, which wither ere they are plucked.

And now, astride the wreckage of nations, you pose as the arbiter of mankind, offering to deliver your country's wealth, its military control and its sovereignty, as the price for which the world is to bear you aloft on its shoulders. Was ever so colossal a bribe laid upon the council table of the nations? Was ever a man able to offer a bankrupt Europe so great a prize as the wealth, the sword, and the liberties of the world's most powerful and prosperous nation, in exchange for a fractional participation in a mongrel superstate by which he was to be accepted as its master? Was ever an American president so recreant to blood and trust that he could have defaulted his executive duties, removed himself to foreign parts, and offered the Old World a restoration of its control of the New, despite the cost and glory of the latter's independence, which was won with its blood, vindicated by more than a century of unequalled progress, and hallowed by documents among the most sacred written by the hand of man?

Sir, I am come to say to you that despite these things, and the insidious and subversive craftsmanship practised within the shadow of your office by the implacable enemies of our national life, who despise that trust in God which men call patriotism, our country will survive a free and independent nation, while those who love it will take it once more into their tender keeping and mend it of the damage it has suffered at your hands.

[Plain Man turns abruptly on his heel and goes out.]

FIRST NOVICE [*shrieking*]. Be quick, O, Master, a *miracle*. Cause a miracle and *destroy him*.

SECOND NOVICE [*whistles to himself*]. *Hol-ee smoke! What a lashing!*

BOOB [*whispers from behind the throne*]. Jail him, Sire; Jail him. It's *blasphemous!*

THE MASTER [*in a hoarse whisper*]. I *can't*; he's too many—*now*. [*Slowly pulls himself out of a heap on the throne and struggles to his feet.*] Dear, dear! it's *most* distressing. No; No! [*angrily*]. Its *more* than that; it is damned, *dam*—[*more angrily*] *it's—it's—he—*Oh, *shucks*, what was it I said to the Democratic National Committee about Brandegee?—Well he's—*he's THAT!* [*Wearily.*] *Where* is Docmiral?

FIRST NOVICE. He's delousing your royal guests, O, Master. Shall I fetch him?

THE MASTER. Never mind; a movie will do,—the last dance reel from my palace on the Bosphorus. Oh, dear; Oh, dear.

SECOND NOVICE [*comes from the gate, grinning; whispers to First Novice*]. Say; there's a circus outside. A wild Irishman wants to see the old man. Let's have him in for fun. Maybe

it'll cheer up the old boy. That last fellow was *awful*.

FIRST NOVICE. A pilgrim awaits, O, Master, who would amuse you. An Irishman——

THE MASTER. An *Irishman!* No. Tell him the Irish question is *settled*. I'll see *no* one else.

FIRST NOVICE [*whispers to Second Novice*]. You go tell him that.

SECOND NOVICE [*going reluctantly to the gate*]. *Gee!*

[Irishman, in mudstained trousers and red shirt, his sleeves rolled up, is seated on the temple steps, contentedly smoking a clay pipe. By his side are pick and shovel; on the ground at his feet a slab of stone, with a rope about it.]

IRISHMAN [*as Second Novice approaches*]. Now, thin, son, do Oi git in?

SECOND NOVICE [*grinning*]. Nope; *he* says the Irish question's settled. That means *you*.

IRISHMAN [*bounding to his feet*]. Sittled; *Sittled*, is it! *Nivver*. The Irish'll not *ha-ave* it sittled. An' him a Dimy-crut! Wurra, wurra, 'tis a bad da-ay, this.

SECOND NOVICE. Well, I guess you'll be going.

IRISHMAN [*excitedly*]. Goin', is it? *W'a-at*ch me. Av I don't go troo that dure pa-aceable, ye-ll ha-ave to sind f'r a noo wan. Do ye see this pick? Wa-al, Oi wurked me way over th' Atlanthic O-otchun wid it, an over Urope, an' oop these moontains, shweatin' loike McKeever's red goat, an' mebbe it'll hould out till I see th' ma-an as ses th' Irish quistion's sittled. Now, thin, do it be as a gintlemin that Oi pa-ay me rispicks,—or otherwise?

SECOND NOVICE [*returns indoors and whispers to First Novice*]. Say, you've *got* to fix it, or he'll smash up the place. Tell his nibs a friend of Jotumul's is calling.

FIRST NOVICE. O, Master, it is a distinguished friend of Jotumul who awaits without. He urgently craves audience.

THE MASTER [*peevishly*]. Won't he go to the side entrance and see the steward?—the food's there.

FIRST NOVICE. No, O, Master, he is a personage; he *insists*.

THE MASTER [*arises, goes to the reading desk and opens the New Freedom*]. Oh, well.

[Second Novice goes out and leads in Irishman, who stops in the doorway, looks quizzically about, and then turns toward the Master.]

IRISHMAN [*to Second Novice*]. An' this is th' Timple av Cowld Fe-et, is't? An' *him* th' *Grea-at Joss!* Gorrry; all in whoite an' blissed lookin', he is. It's f'r his po-olytical wa-ake

he's drissed, I do be thinkin'. Do Oi woipe me feet?

SECOND NOVICE [*moving forward*]. Nope; just come along.

IRISHMAN [*advances a few steps, then stops, and looks at the wall*]. Who'd be afther markin' oop a wall loike that, now?

SECOND NOVICE [*mischievously*]. Don't touch it; that's a *Sign*; mystic words,—from Heaven.

IRISHMAN [*faces the inscription*]. From Hiven, is it? Thim angels wroite loike th' childher in th' Four-rt Wa-ard. Wha-at's a *mees-tick worrud*?

SECOND NOVICE [*solemnly*]. A miraculous message chalked up by God.

IRISHMAN [*grinning*]. Oi get ye; just loike th' schore f'r drhinks in Casey's. Sa-ay, be th' Grea-at Joss givin' cridit, too?

SECOND NOVICE [*in a mysterious whisper*]. No; no. The Heavenly Powers performed a miracle, and sent this message to the Master.

IRISHMAN [*scratching his head*]. Th' divil they did! An' wh-at did they sa-ay? A meeracle, is it! Chalk's no meeracle, an'-an'-an' [*begins slowly to laugh*]. G-D's no *hivenly lan-wige*, aither. *Oi have it!* Thim's th' two worruds Oi say whiniver I bust me pick! Now, thin, *who* be they cussin' out? L-L-L——, that beint f'r *his* name. No more is O; nor N. [*Suddenly slaps his leg*]. *Oi have it; Oi have it; an its roight* they ar-re. *That's* what's th' matther wid th' worruld! It's th' Pla-ague av Na-ashuns they be givin' him hell about. So on to th' fra-ay, young ma-an; lade me to him, for Oi've a few foine mees-tic worruds av me own to whisper to him.

[Irishman approaches the altar, mops his face with a red handkerchief, and waits for the Master, who turns toward him from the reading desk.]

IRISHMAN. Evnin' misther; it's war-rum climbin' wid me tools, an th' bit of shtone yonder.

THE MASTER [*indulgently*]. Good evening, Mister Mac——?

IRISHMAN [*interrupting*]. O'i'm no Mac, ye'r honor, nor am Oi an O'. Me name's Nay-*missus*, an' Oi'm on th' thrail av a shlippery sphalpeen who fa-aces more ways than th' clock av City Hall Par-rk.

THE MASTER. Well, my good fellow, tell me all about him.

IRISHMAN. Oi will, sor, whin Oi catch me brith. It's a sa-ad shtory, ye'r honor, an' th' coorts av Urope'l be wearin' sac-cloth an' la-afin' thimsilves to death whin he blows oop.

THE MASTER [*laughing*]. Who is this unfortunate person, Mister,—Mister?

IRISHMAN. Misther Nay-*missus*, sor, is me name. Wa-al,

it's this wa-ay. There was wanst a ma-an leanin' out av a Noo Jar-rsy windy awatchin' Misther Car-rnaygie coom down th shtrate, whin his unlovin' frinds they took a hop an' a lep an' kicked him so hoigh he fell forninst th' Whoite House chimbly, slid down th' flue, an' whin he woke oop th' byshtanders war handin' him bo-kays an tellin' him he war a grea-at ma-an. Thin he ses to th' byes, Coom in whiniver ye're by; th' dure av this house'l shwing in an' out for a-all th' pa-able. Thin he kissed thim good bye an' shlammed th' gate, an' set th' toime lock to go arf in four-r year-rs. Soon th' grasers in Mixico kilt Misthress Mulcahey an' th' childher, an' burnt th' pigs, an' played ta-ag wid our sojers, an' raised ballyhoo wid th' bordher av th' United Sthates, an' th' ma-an in th' Whoite House be th' misthake av God, he sinds the grasers his *complimints* an' begs the'r par-rdon f'r th' wa-ar av eighteen four-rty sivin, an' tells Mulcahey to git th' hell out av Texas, an' rayturn th' grasers bullits wid t'anks. Nixt cooms th' murtherin' Imperor an' ses, "Sam, git out av th' wa-ther," an' he shlaps th' ould ma-an's face, an' kicks his pa-ants, an' pushes him over th' fince, an' doumps him inter th' shwill. Thin th' hermit, bad cess to him, looks out av th' Whoite House windy and ses to Sam, "Now, will ye be good, an love th' Dootchman, and kape out av th' Imperor's wa-ther?" Thin he kisses his ha-an' to th' murtherin Imperor, wishes him a happy birt'day, an' goes back to his worrud mill. Be th' powers! I think t'will be th' death av th' United Sthates, that worrud mill.

THE MASTER [*colors; grows stern and abrupt*]. Your audience is ended; you may go, sir.

IRISHMAN. Wa-ait a bit, ye'r honor, wa-ait a bit. Oi've only joost intthrochoosed mesilf. Oi have a missage f'r ye, an' me jooty compils me to ha-and it to ye.

THE MASTER [*turning to First Novice*]. Show this gentleman out.

IRISHMAN. Oi said, ye'r honor, that Oi've a missage f'r ye. Thim as sint me war so manny 'twud be th' death av me did Oi play flip flops.

FIRST NOVICE. This way, sir.

IRISHMAN [*to First Novice*]. Not "this wa-ay," at all, me angel fa-aced laddybuck. Me name's Nay-missus, an' Oi'm on th' job till 'tis don'. Be th' pick in me han', Oi'll go by anny ma-an that shtops me!

BOOB [*whispers to the Master*]. Be careful, Sire, he is violent; let me reason with him.

THE MASTER [*to Boob*]. Go ahead, then.

IRISHMAN. Well, to make me sthory shor-rt; whoile th' profissor wur argyin' wid th' bra-ave wans, th' byes they ru-un betwane his legs, an' undher his ar-rms, an' jined th' foight, an' hilped t'ro' th' Dootchma-an down, an' belted his shlots, an' wur joost on th' pint av loppin' th' boomp av conquisht out av th' Hu-uns head whin oop goes his han's, an' he asks f'r a gla-ass av wa-ther. Thin in rooshes th' bra-ave ta-acher, an' shouts to th' throops, "Shtop, ye murtherers, me frind's hurted an' hoongry; give him ye'r grub an' lave him be." "Say ye're sorry, an' Oi'll sa-ave ye," ses he to th' Hu-un. "Sorry, Oi am," ses th' Hu-un. "Say it four-rteen wa-ays, an' loi shtill while Oi talk to thim." "Oi'll say it four-rteen hoonrh-red wa-ays av ye'll kape thim f'm sma-ashin' me windys." Thin oop gits th' profissor to his full statoo, puts a fut 'pon th' Dootchma-an's belly, raises wan han' alof', tucks t'other into his vist, loike Naypo-olyan, an' shouts at th' top av his be-eutyful v'ice, "*Oi done it!*" "Gr-reat!" says Urope, "Coom, cilibra-ate th' victhry be doin me worruk, an' lindin' me money, an' sindin' ye'r sojer byes f'r river to polis me ba-ack ya-ard, an' kape in me pocket all th' la-and, an' pa-aples, an' moins, an' ivrythin' else Oi've had to burthen mesilf wid to make th' worruld sa-afe f'r dimocracy." "Oi will that," ses th' profissor, "av ye'll call th' avil thing be a blissed na-ame, an' make me th' king av it." "Done!" ses Urope. "Call it what ye loike an' be pope av ye wa-ant to, but pick oop me an' me troubles, an' lift us onto ye'r shoulders, an' be quick about it, there's a good lad." So home th' victhorious shtatesma-an cooms, wid a poiys fa-ace an' a pra-ay'r in his v'ice, an' shtarts in da-vyous ways his wondhers to perfor-m. Fir-rst, he bores undher th' groun' wid manin'less worruds that ar-re excoitin', nixt he puts his han' to his ear an' ses, "Don't 'e hear th' v'ices callin' f'rm th' air-r?" Thin th' pa-able, bein' busy wid the'r affay'rs, look oop an' ses, "Av coor-rse we do; hurry th' job. We don't know what ye're sayin' but it sounds loike musik." Thin he hoires th' Methry-politan Op'ry House to utther a deefyant pa-ace whoop, tells th' Sinit, that sed, "Go shlow, me bye," it's deeschar-rged, leps into th' air an' cooms down sphrawlin' on th' back av Urope, kerwhack! "*Ouch!*" ses Urope, in four-rty sivin la-angwi'ges, "*Me cor-rns! Me cor-rns!* Ye're on me feet!" "Shut oop!" ses th' profissor, "That's not pa-ain, that's pla-asure; ye're glad to see me back, av coor-rse." "Av coor-rse," ses Urope, lookin' at his thrunks, filled wid grub an' goold an' mitcheenry an' ivry fruit av th' soil an' moin, "*Av coor-rse* we're glad to see ye. This way, porther, carry th'

gentlemin's thrunks into me celly an' lock thim oop; he moight be forgitful an take thim awa-ay." "Now will ye listhen to me?" ses th' profissor to Claymonsoo an' th' shly little Welsh bye that a-always win's, an' th' polite Oitalyin gentlemin av th' noice fa-ace, "Will ye listhen to me now?" ses he, pintin' to th' luggage. "*Av coor-rse* we'll listhen;" ses thr-ray four-rths av th' big four-r, "how much does it weigh?" "Eno'," ses th' profissor, "to buy me th' ta-allist pidisthal an' th' most collosyal statoo forninst th' worruld's ha-all av fame." "Roight-o," ses th' cute little Welshman, "me thruck'll call f'r ye'r luggage this day. Where shall we build ye'r gr-great monnymint?" "In Genevy," ses th' profissor, "it'll be quiet loike there, wid no wa-ar to jar-r me. It's fla-anked be moon-tains that are har-rd on sojers feet, so Oi kin pla-ay wid th' worruld in sa-af'ty." "It's to pla-ay wid th' worruld, that ye're afther, is it?" ses th' shly wan, winkin' at Claymonsoo. "Well, Oi'll show ye how. Let's dhraw th' pa-apers t'gither. Oi'll hould ye'r han' whoile ye wroite thim. Ye've got th' cash an Oi've th' ixpeeyreunse; we'll shwap." "Sure"; ses th' profissor, "so long as Oi have me wa-ay wid th' worruld, ye kin have what's in it,—ixcipt me joocy sal'ry, av coor-rse." "Roight-o," ses th' Welshman again, an sinds f'r his kinty-gar-rtin ta-achers. "Show this gr-great gentlemin how to pla-ay wid th' worruld," ses he to thim, "but resar-rve th' roights f'r me. Let th' pa-apers be in his own shwate han', f'r he wa-ants to sit th' worruds to musik, to char-rm th' shlapy ol' bye that hoires him." Thin back cooms th' gr-great shtatesma-an, full av glory an' pomp, an' ses f'm th' top av his head to th' ould ma-an Sam: "Soign here, ye ignorant per-rson, an be thankful ye've Woodthrow Wilson to tell ye ye've been a-all wr-rong f'm th' beginnin', an' to put ye on th' roight thrack to moind th' business av th' worruld, inshtead av that av ye'r contimptible panut shtand, th' United Shtates." "But Oi loike panuts," ses Sam, "an' Oi'd ra-ather be raisin' paynuts at home thin hell in Urope. Take off ye'r coat, me son, an' go back to worruk; th' far-rm's neglected an' th' har-rvest is waitin'." "But Oi'm no longer a far-rmer," ses th' gr-great wan, "Oi've gradooathed; Oi'm a shtatesma-an now, an' a gentlemin, an' th' worruld's me place." "Well thin, lay down ye'r tools an' git into ye'r place, me son; there's a shtamer lavin'." "But Oi won't be lavin';" ses th' insoolint wan, "me contrhact ru-uns till nointeen twinty wan. Manewhoile, ye common laborin' per-rson, Oi'll make ye look respictable in th' oies av me noo Uropean frinds, an' kape me worrud whin Oi sed ye sed ye'd do as Oi plased." "But Oi

didn't say it." "Oi know," ses th' profissor, "but Oi sed it an' ye cheered,—a—all save th' pygmies, an' thim shud be hung." "But Oi didn't cheer what ye're sayin' Oi cheered; Oi cheered ye're wa-ay av sayin' it," ses the confused ould gintlemin. "But what's th' diffrence?" ses th' buddin' deeplo-mat, "It sounded th' same to me frinds. Now soign here, loike a good ould soul." "But Oi don't know what's in th' pa-aper; lave me rade it," ses Uncle Sam. "Rade it!" chried Woodthrow. "Rade it! Why, ma-an, ye must sing it!" "But Oi can't sing it at a-all, at a-all; Oi don't undhersthand th' worruds," ses Sam. "That doesn't matther," ses th' pladin wan. "Oi can't aither, but it's a gr-reat song,—besoides, it sinds me where Oi want to go." "Where's that?" ses Uncle. "Non' av' ye'r dom business," ses King Prisdint, "but it sinds me where Oi want to go; so soign it, whether ye sing it or no." "But it ses Oi must wroite me na-ame in blood a-all over Urope, an' shtop sillin' me grub an' goods to anny wan Lyde Jar-rge ordhers me to squaze," ses th' koind ould bye. "Oi don't want to foight, or to ha-ave me worruk shtopped." "It don't be sayin' that," ses th' plader. "But it's in th' wroitin'," ses Sam. "It may be in the wroitin'," ses th' profissor, "but it's not in th' radin' av it; lave me rade it to ye." "But Oi kin rade it f'r mesilf," ses Sam. "Ye can not," ses th' profissor av English, "for Oi wrote it." "Well, thin, hurry an' do somethin', f'r Oi can't be f'r river talkin'," ses th' pa-aytient wan. "Thin soign it, an Oi'll shtop," ses th' masther av com-ma-alyun worruds. "It's a-almost worruth that," ses th' weary pathriarc, "but Oi'll chross out th' worrud, wa-ar, an' some ither oogly sayin's; mebbe riskin' th' rist'll be aisier thin' lish-tenin' to ye, wid th' day's worruk to be done." "Ye'll not dot an oi nor chross a tay!" ses th' hoired ma-an to his boss, "ye'll do as Oi till ye, f'r 'twud bra-ake th' hear-rt av th' worruuld,—an' cost me me noo job." Thin up shtands th' ould ma-an, suddint loike, an' grabs th' insoolint idjoocather be th' back av his stiff neck, an' tur-rns him aroun', an' lan's a kick forninst him that's hear-rd roun' th' worruuld. "Oi guess Oi'll soign what Oi loike," ses th' long sufferin' wan, dusthin' off his fut wid th' Coov'nint. Thin he takes th' pa-aper, runs his pen t'roo th' wor-rst av it, soigns th' remayns and ses to th' blustherin' lad, as he t'rows it at him, "Sind *that* to ye'r frinds, wid me suspa-ashus compliments, an till thim Oi hev me oi on th' lot av thim. Av Oi'm shtill th' goat 'twill be rough ridin' whin they mount me back." "Yis, sor;" ses th' gintle chil', rubbin' himsilf, "thank ye, sor; 'tis what Oi wa-anthed a-all th' whoile, sor, but th' Sinit shtole

me ricominda-ashuns, sor, afther insisthin' th' thraty shud be shwallowed whole, sor. 'Tis an avil body, is th' Sinit, sor; won't ye plase abolish it an sa-ave th' ixpinse? Oi'll do its worruk f'r half th' money, sor, as will as me own." "No, thank ye;" ses Oncle, "th' Sinit's me ould frind. Will ye be shtoppin' to worruk th' far-rm, me son, or will ye be off worrukin' th' worruld?" "Oi'll be worrukin' thim both," ses th' cliver lad. "'Twas niver done before;" ses ould Indoolgint, "th' Good Book ses ye can't sarve two masthers." "Oi kin;" ses little Cliver, "besoides, Oi've writthen th' Betther Book. Me *Noo Fra-adom* makes th' ould book look loike th' histhry av capitalism." "Thin ye'll be afther havin' ye'r own wa-ay, in anny ivint, is it?" ses th' good soul, weary loike. "Indade, yes, sor;" raplies th' sproightly talker, "'tis me roight." "Be it so, thin," sighs th' pathriarc, "av ye'll not shtop, an' ye'll not look, an' ye'll not listhen, ye'd betther carry a red loight, me son, f'r th' Amirican Flyer's about du', an' ye're on th' thrack. Good luck t' ye."

Now, ye'r honor, [*Irishman squares about and faces the Master*] ye've ha-ad me shtory, an' now ye'll ha-ave its saquil. Ye wanthed me missage; here 'tis. Oi ha-ad it be woireless cable on th' wa-ay oop. Be shtill, now, ivrywan, whoilst Oi rade it. [*Unfolds a crisp paper and reads*]:

"Roqsh.

"Misther Nay-missus,

"On th' wa-ay to Genevy,

"Urope.

"Afther du' thrial, th' diinnin' bein' wilfully out av communica-ayshun, Woodthrow Wilson was this da-ay ixpilled f'm th' prisidincy av th' United Sthates in confor-rmity wid Constichooshunal procadure. Also be a risolooshun av th' two houses av Congress th' United Sthates this da-ay for-rmally gav' notice av its widdr-rawal f'm th' Lague av Nashuns. Brake th' news to him, an' brake it har-rd.

"(Soigned) Jar-rge Har-rvey."

[A low rumbling is heard, the temple trembles, there comes from the throne a bursting sound and a flash of light, followed by a babble of chattering voices. There flutters to the dais a cloud of paper bits. On the dais lie a white robe and two black gloves. They are empty; the Master is gone.]

FIRST NOVICE [*rushes forward in consternation and excitedly drags out the robe and gloves*]. Oh, Master! O, Master! [*in surprise*] Why, they're empty; there's not anything in them!

IRISHMAN [*quietly lights his pipe*]. There niver wa-as, me son, there niver wa-as.

[Boob, who has fled through a window, peers back in fear, while Second Novice takes off his gown and folds it up.]

SECOND NOVICE [*dejectedly*]. Well, Mike, when the old man blew up my job went with him;—it's a long way home.

IRISHMAN. Nivver moind, me little frickle fa-ace, Oi'll share me proivat' car-r wid ye. Coom help me now. Fetch th' gar-rmints an' all th' blank pa-aper bits ye kin carry, an' we'll ind this sa-ad cirimony [*goes outside and kicks about in the grass*].

SECOND NOVICE [*comes out with his arms full*]. I can't lug all the paper, but here 'r' the clothes.

IRISHMAN [*digs a hole in the grass*]. 'Twill do. Now, thin, doomp thim in. That's th' bye. Now, fetch th' shtone yondher that Oi lugged oop th' moontain. Now; *bot' togither!* There ye ar-re! Foine, a-ain't it? Oi coomposed th' inscr-weepshun mesilf. Lave me rade it to ye [*reads from the stone*]:

“Here lois a-all that's immor-rthal av th' ma-an widout a counthry.

“He shpread thray circus hoops wid th' Diclar-rashun av Injoopindince, th' Constichooshun av th' United Sthates, an' th' Monro' Docthrine, an' lept 'croo thim to glory in th' year av our Lord nointeen twinty.”

Now f'r me pra-ayer, an' we're done: May God ha-ave mer-rcy on th' Dimycrathic Par-rty. Amin.
C'mon, son; lave us go ate.

[CURTAIN]

FIRST NO
drags on

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 013 900 841 8

